

Itapema

Aug 9th

Imagine a huge well built flour mill built at the water's edge along a narrow strip of land that separates big fantastic tree covered mountains ^{jungle} from a warm, lazy, deserted inlet of the sea, a huge mill whose gate opens actually on the wild matto or bush, showing no sign of extending its influence beyond the royal palm which waves peacefully at the mill gate to the wild palms on the hillside two hundred yards away. A big boat from the Argentine nestles against a steel pier while through a long pipe its load of wheat is sucked by a vacuum machine, 30 tons an hour, into the mill. A little red faced Englishman is manager, --- and to the place is doctor, policeman judge and foot-ball promoter to 300 Brazilians, Italians, and Spaniards, living all alone but for a setter and a great dane, in a fine little chacara up on the hill, and boasting that next Christmas he will see his England again. A nice simple little fellow who has been out so long that he talks English with lapses into Brazilian-- he told me today ruefully that he had had a monkey and two deer, but that when one of the deer and the monkey were killed by rattlers he was so disanimated (desanimado = discouraged in Portuguese) that he had tried to keep any more than his dogs. Outside the mill the hogs go in happy processions up and down the streets and under the houses and life rolls on in what would be but for the disease a fairly happy and self-determined squalor. We arrived yesterday and in the evening gave a magic lantern show to 40 or 50 of the village and today we have been examining about 30 for hookworm (only two were negative) and tomorrow we shall treat these and examine probably 100 more, if Brazilian habits are anything to rely on. I have a very decent Brazilian doctor and four trained assistants with me and I am spending the next three months coasting around the state of Parana, scarcely settled as yet, but cooler than Rio and

in its wild poor half-settled condition a wonderfully interesting place to be turned loose with a book of railroad passes and ones own wishes as the sole points to be considered in the great and increasingly amusing question of where next. Of course it is well to admit that you are a bit exaggerating. I do have to go to the places that need to be examined for hookworm and that runs the choice of places -- but necessity frequently means more variety in places than choice, as anyone who has fallen off a cliff will be ready to admit, and so there is some consolation to the fact that where the hookworm there hook I.

It is great sport learning Portuguese now. When you can understand everything or quasi tudo (there's a chance for you) it is encouraging even to listen in on everything, and night before last when I had the first dream wherein Portuguese was spoken and enjoyed by all you can bet it set me up for a day. Tonight they told me the classical Brazilian stories of intoxication and if its not like mentioning rain to a sensitive Saharan? The latch-key saga here varies only in that the man is found waving key in air at moderate distance from house and when asked for why he does it replies that he waiting for the house to come along again just a little bit nearer. Another of a sort new to me was of a querulous plaintive welleducated man who said at a certain stage in the evening "But I dont see why Gallileo got so much credit for his discovery!" ~~no at times can say that~~

A funny thing happened to one of the doctors down here a while ago. He was smoking and happened to blow a little cloud out of his mouth and then to inhale it through his nose. A Brazilian gawped at the sight and said immediately and in all seriousness "Truly you Americans are marvellously economical! You even use the tobacco smoke twice!" They watch us all the time and attend the movies not indelutatory twos and threes but inpressing crowds all the afternoon houseful after houseful.

Tonight walking down to Itapema-em-baixo I stopped by the side of a pool and in the half-moonlight was able to see without in the least disturbing what I have never been able to see without being considered as de trop, the evening social life of frogs. I don't mind saying that they appeal to me tremendously on the epic side of their existence. They are an immeasurably old form of life, and consequently either much favored or else very perfectly fitted to the task of existence, and when you consider how many strange forms of organisms they have outlived, marsh forms long since fossilized, the driving resonance of the evenings puddle of frogs, and its ringing mellow continuousness is impressive. A very simple very perfect answer to the forever puzzling riddle of what will the morrow bring and how can we keep going? They are killed by drought and by any ingress of too much water and yet in the delicate balance in between they've lived ^{in their lyric fashion} and outlived the rest of us by millions of years. Frogs and pigeons--I'm fond of pigeons, but they have none of the Jack London antiquity about them that a frog has. You see it is early early spring here now.

We are very far from the war here. I am picking up a bit of German again because we are nearing the blonde region of Brazil now and because I used to like German.

I am doddering on and with muitos tratimentos para fazer amanha eu vou a cama, nao e?

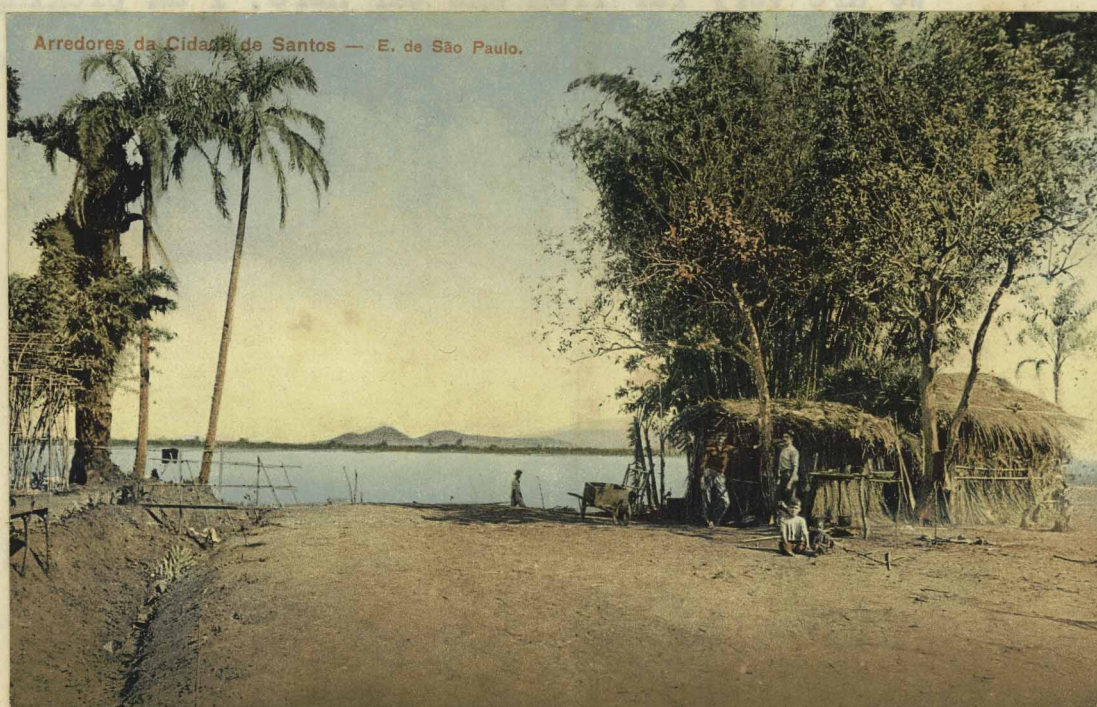


Caixa Postal
R.

Treatments
in Itapema



Pôr do Sol no Porto de Santos — E. de São Paulo.



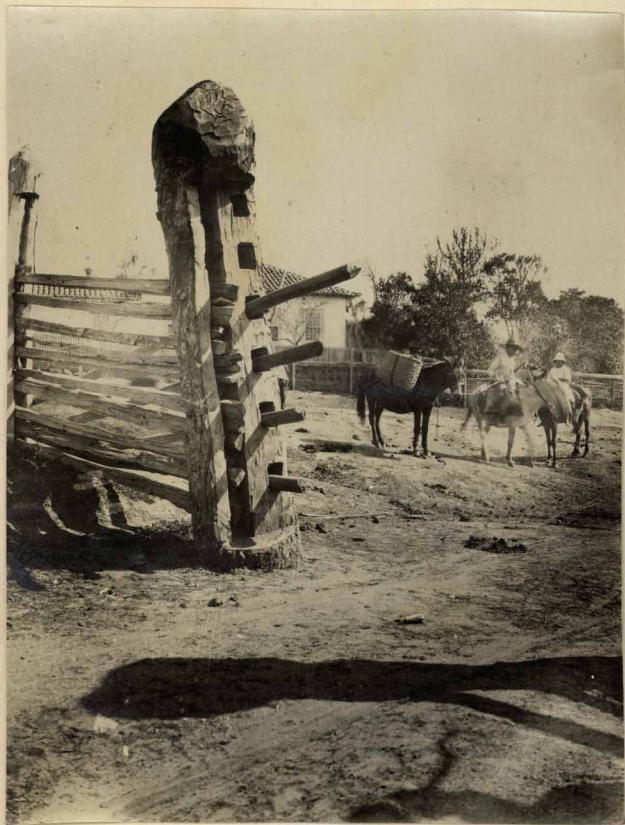
Arredores da Cidade de Santos — E. de São Paulo.



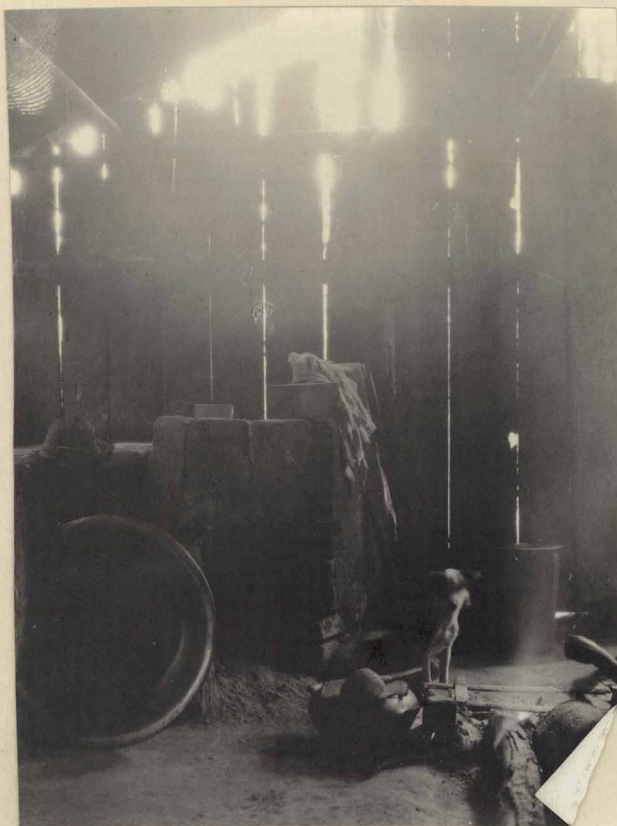
Bonini + Minegaye
Microscopists



School near Hapure



Corral gate



A Fisherman's Cottage



Dear _____:

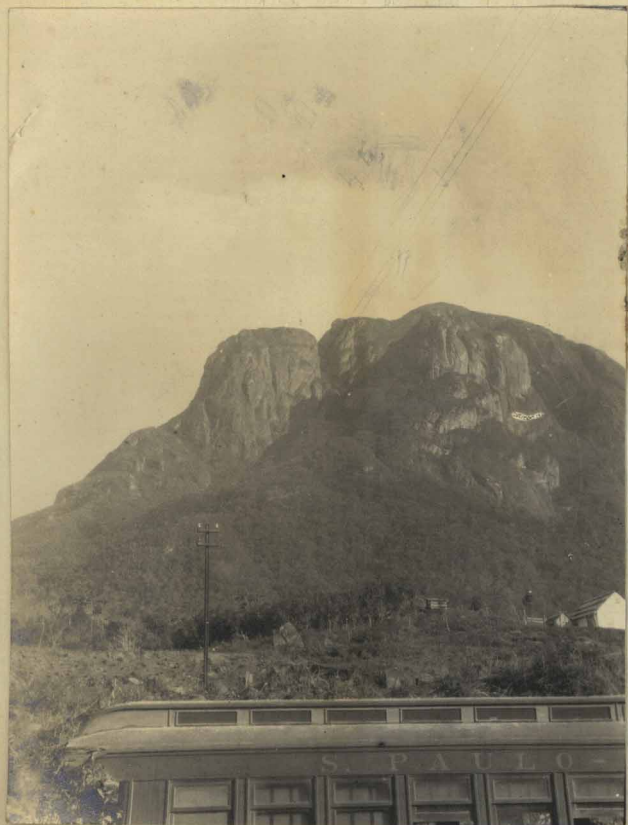
It being August the 10th today I naturally awoke in tears to think of how much older we are all getting, more particularly yourself, and then to of how small a chance I run of getting anyone to take you a birthday present to you in time from here in Itapema, which though it is on the same water as North Haven is a bit difficult now that servants cost so. I keep my servants -- and I have four here -- all busy at the job of finding out how much of this queer little place has Hookworm. Out of 197 thusfar we have found 4 who havent Hookworm I say some fellers have all the Luck dont they?



Fisherman's Kitchen
the evenings grain, doublestringed bows called bodoques with which they throw stones and kill evenings roast as he sings in the tree, figas or little carved hands to keep off the evil eye, old muzzle-loading flint locks or cap rifles ----and the very latest ideas in the treatment of their Hookworm provided with much amusement and pleasure and satisfaction by yours truly.

This is my first stop in the survey of a large and sparsely settled state called Parana in the south of Brazil, where I make it immediately clear I heap all the clothes of Massachusetts and N.H. on the top of the bed of a night --- briefly Gaspar, I aint in the tropics by an overcoat and two pairs of undies.

Yesterday with a hemoglobin book in my pocket and a guarda (male nurse) to do the difficult talking I started out on some house to house investigation which yielded me about 60 cases and was the most interesting and amusing work you can think of. The natives can barely read, live in the simplest sort of traditional existence and with swarthy skins, earrings, large straw hats, wooden bowls for



Parana is cold distinctly so and at present we are in the warmest part. Dont share the opinion of the Benighted States in general that Brazil is a fine country place filled with many handsome boaconstrictors -- to use a phrase dear to the heart of any Andoverian, and youre one in point of fact. There are as fine huge rolling hills here in Parana, as fine pine forests as ever I saw in the U.S.----- but here only

a beginning at settlement and still a map that reads in big blank spaces 'terra incognita'. At Guarapuava we shall be in a place 80 miles from the railroad or more and with more Indians and Caboclos to treat than anything else. Imagine the English ranch up in Matto Grosso 330 miles on one side and 300 miles on the other where a troop of horsemen simply ride in every once in a while and round up as many as they want and then ride out again! And that is going on now-- when frontier life was supposed to be dead.

After I finish this survey herein Parana I shall go South to the next State Santa Catherina and do the same thing there. All this lasting till about February of 1921. I find it bully fun but at times get homesick for friends and the sound of English spoken. Letters too have the same high value that you might suspect them of possessing and thanks a lot for your description of the reunion of the class of 1911. It is diverting but not flattering to my intelligence to think of they way I used to agonize to myself about the class reunions having a good spirit etc All that work over appearances! I should have loved to have seen some of 'em curse Carlie Hann

under their breaths. Or to have merely seen the Bish ! My God what a charming thing it is to marry young and never have anything happen to you! Missing street-cars, going to "little dinners", being rung up on the damned telephone all day, and wiping noses of little snipes people ingratiatingly say look like you----- well I am going to do it sometime but it wont be (a) Now (b) in Brazil.

The chief difficulty I find in this job is in the abrupt change from trying to like what I get after all is over, to trying to anticipate exactly what I want and then getting it or making other people get it for me. It is the change of existence from one of landing various jobs which were considered as good and then trying to fill them decently, to an existence quite without any criterion or precedent, where the ideas and the necessities must all come from me and be passed on energetically enough to make a go of things. As a matter of fun it is immense--- I sit up here planning their tomorrows work as if I was the Lord, or perhaps Chas Storey on the Peace Commission in Paris, something pretty big anyhow, and before I know it I cant think of anything more to be done. The funny thing to me is that they say "Sim, Signor" (which sounds more like 'Seashore') and then they go and do it and come back with results miles ahead of what I thought they could have secured.

I had a diveting time seeing the president of this State when I was in Curityba. He was a rotten looking little sawed off Brazilian who you can see any day consuming toothpicks and whispering and grunting in front of City Hall and he was in deep conversation with the chief of State Police and a heeler, but he gave me a very polite interview and I got a book of passes for the Survey off him, so I cant complain. But POLITICS ! as the saying goes here among



The Americans " Hell, Tamany would be put in the Kindergarten class in Brazil". And really that is true. The mayor of Antonina does nothing profitable but buy and sell government concessions, \$30,000, is about right for a small concession! And everyone knows it.

However you can apply the local proverb locally, "Servico de crianca e pouco" A child's work is small. "Mas quem depressa e louco" Who hurries it is a fool. To which yesterday the microscopist Miragaya remarked at almoco (lunch) "Tive um parent qui morreu por causa d'isso" (I had a parent who died for that reason)

We all eat dinner in the RESTAURANT ITAPEMA



which is run by a big cheerful Italian who thought I was Rockefeller's son and tried to charge us double prices. So I had to set aside half a morning and go and talk to him, which was very amusing and excellent practice for me for I am coming to like dickering and palayras de negocios.

Let me recommend the Brazilian day for work. You get up at 6 to 7 have hot coffee and bread only. Then you work till 11 when you have almoco. Then till 2 when you have more coffee simplis, and then at 5 or 5:30 jantar or the big meal and the last one. The evening that begins at 6 and lasts till 12 can contain work in pretty fair quantities.

Well best of luck Alec The empty spaces in the text are for photographs to come later, for my films must go to Rio to be done decently.

My best to Eleanor and the rest of the family

Lapa August 14 1919

Dear Pa and Ma:

I am out in the garden at a house we've just been given here, writing on an old wooden grinding mill turned upside down while my guardas are out in the highways and byways inviting the gusts, metaphorically speaking to the feast which we hold tonight in the local cinema to instruct the local Jaca-tatu (the Brazilian for hayseeds) as to the meaning and purpose of the Rockefeller' Foondaish in Brazil. There will be a crowd and when all is over with the speeches, and I'll back my Brazilian doctor Doutor Remigio against all comers in the art of Portuguese oratory, when he is all through, we give out the little tin latinhas and go home with the first days work done. Early tomorrow will begin a stream of people to be examined, and in three days we ought to have 400 or more examined, and as soon as I get 500 to 600 I am going to beat it for Rio Negro, the next stop.

Lapa is on a high flat table-land and it is good and cold here now, down around freezing at night. But there is a pleasant little orange tree out in front of me as I write so what do I care! It has a curious parasite this tree, a thin green cord without form al beginning nor ending, which clings to the lower part of the smaller branches and winds its way out to the extremity in the most meaning less and structureless way. In the barn walks the prize gamecock of the neighborhood, red-legged and meanlooking, and the urubus, great ugly carrion vultures who are the only permanent and reliable public health officers encouraged here, fly awkwardly about and quarrel over roosts and food. They are more vindictive in their quarreling than most other birds, for I notice that when one has obviously vanquished the other

Urubus



he flies after him for some time, with a sort of follow-up system. The people encourage the urubus --- that is they have a law against killing them --- which is more of an exemption from criticism than the other public health officers are likely to enjoy for sometime yet. Dr Darling has made it



fairly clear that they are not true public health agents, because they fill the role all too frequently of carriers of anthrax, and probably act as carriers for some of the animal parasites. They naturally play quite a part in the local folk-lore: the urubu who went to Nossa Senhora's feast in Heaven carried in his violin

a turtle who hid in it because he could not fly. When they got to the party the Urubu discovered the turtle and was very angry at his social pretensions--so he threw him out. But Nossa Senhora took pity on him and though his fall broke him in a thousand pieces, She gathered them together and gave them life---- and that is why you see a turtle's back made up of so many pieces.

It is humorous to see how these poor men suffer from the cold and even more amusing to see the awe with which they regard my sleeping out on these nights that leave frost on my trench-coat as it lies over me out in this nice little yard, under the orange tree. This town is about 2500 feet up and this clear early spring weather is much the same as September in the Adirondacks. The village doesn't awaken until nearly 8 o'clock. Then come the men with their palas or big tasseled woolen ponchos, shivering and unhappy.

The shady side of the street is quite deserted and it is a full two hours before the sun has made things comfortable. We are finding a low rate of infection here, which makes the work of the microscopists more wearing and which holds us down on the number of treatments. I am afraid that the numbers gathered in wont reach 500 as soon as I thought, but I have learned that you cannot ignite people here with ideas that will take in three hours or spread with any effectiveness under 24 to 48 hours.

There is a cinema here which has inherited a pianola from somewhere and last night while I stayed here going over the Itapema records I heard one of the ~~Kitz~~ Litz Rhapsodie Hongroise set winding out into the brilliant moonlight in the garden here. "Thence" to quote quote an illustrious predecessor, "to bed" under a new bunch of stars to stare at till insistent incoherent remarks began to crowd into my hearing and I saw and talked to a few Americans whom I did not see yesterday in the funny little town of Lapa.

I have been having to dinner an interesting old party of 68--an Englishman of the ~~the~~ wild and wander-sort-- who has spent the last 50 years of his life in Parana, and speaks Portuguese, French and German with the same speed that he talks Cockney. He is the station-agent here, a fine old pink and white specimen whose race now serves to retain the superiority that his age





has need of. He is rather an amazing old bird but for general purposes the experiences fell on rather uncritical and unobservant senses, so that he is not the mine of stories and anecdotes that old Buddha Waddell at the American college in São Paulo can be. But he has an old French Bible that dates from the time of Good Queen Bess, handed down in his family as an heirloom, which I am going to see tonight when Re-

Migio and I go down to take matte with him. He agrees with me that nothing has done so much to civilize the people here as the American Cinema--- he says that their manners of greeting each other, and of all social behaviour are now modelled on the habits observed in crowded houses every other Sunday. Of course that will put a finish on lots of interesting customs here--- I've always maintained that love making must be more and more standardized and unoriginal as the Youth of the land attend the Movies. In fact if I were a girl of spirit and experience 'twould be an interesting game to place them all in whatever school they most closely aped--- those young friends of mine. But to get back to Brazil the movies says my friend Sgnr. Tamplin, is notably civilized in the past ten years by *the movies*.

While I pick off the hoar-frost from my cot in the morning those who had a tear their eye at my coming suffering from the tropic heat, are drawing 106° without fresh air in their homes in the North.

Happy days !



Waiting for Treatment
Cruz Lapa



Sunday Houserace
Lapa



Thanks for his treatment



Mandioc Preparation



Now that I am fairly well into the job here and beginning to know from first hand experience what things are like here in Brazil it is easier to do what has for some time been my intention and write to you.

At the moment I have been assigned the job of investigating the extent of Hookworm infection in the southern part of Brazil, first in the State of Parana and later in Sta. Catherina, both regions quite cool and comfortable thusfar and not at all like the general impression of Brazil which involves white plaster houses cocoa plantations and spare revolutions p.r.n. The survey of this State began on the 4th of August, when with a Brazilian doctor two trained male-nurses and two microscopists well versed in the local parasitology, I started out a wandering region-to-region existence which will keep on till I finish in Sta. Catherina in February.

Our procedure is this: we have our beds and skeeto-netting, our kitchen utensils, three Bausch and Lomb'scopes, a special centrifuge, about ten thousand capsules and enough oil of chenopodium to fill them as required, and a good deal more miscellaneous material all ready and in trunks. We choose a series of regions to be visited and with the aid of a pass-book and much ⁿpatiecia we get to a town. The town prefect is overwhelmed with pride at being visited(often mixed with suspicion and a certain arch "oh-yes-but you-wont-find-hookworm-here" expression) and we are installed in the local city hall. That night the Brazilian doctor gives a talk in the local cinema with our lantern slides greatly aiding him in explaining what uncinariose is, and at the end of the service we make not a collection ~~af~~ but a distribution of small tin cans for the specimens of feces. The next day the stream begins and I stay in the laboratory examining the spleens and the hemoglobins and seeing that things dont go galley-west and keeping an eye open for whatever interesting may turn up in the way of clinical pathology. The places chosen have been all

been small and fairly typical of this part of the country. Though it sounds like rather a limited field of interest it proves to be anything but that, for I am expected to get a fair idea of the general prevention of rural diseases which ~~can~~ could be applied--and thus mosquito-hunts, visiting and talking with the local M.D. (when the place sported one) and making notes on medicine in general here has been part of the program. Naturally there is abundant interest on the sides of life other than medical, and now that my mail has begun to come through with regularity though well spaced and in big batches, I find this life very profitable in every way. Not that Brazil will be my dwelling place for good. No, not that by any means, but I am getting ample experience on the side of administrative public health and that is what I came for.

The curandheiro, or wizard-medicine-man here occupies an interesting position. So powerful and widely recognized are they that as yet the medical profession is unable to deal with them, for they frequently have political influence and as is frequently remarked, in Brazil Tammany would have to start in the Kindergarten class. Among the caboclos or peasants of the forest, I know of a curandheiro who makes the prognosis of all severe coughs as follows: a fish about the size of a sucker is caught and the patient is instructed to spit in the living fish's mouth; the fish is then thrown

into the water and if he swims upstream the patient will live if down the patient will die. And it is well recognized that

if a woman in labor will change shirts with her husband each wearing the other's inside out, she sitting with his hat on, in the center of a twenty-litre measure, she "give *the child* *to the* light to the child" as the phrase goes, much more successfully.

A young doctor out in the matte, told me that after a nine league ride the sight of such a thing nearly compensates for the trouble.

No one can exaggerate the effect of the American cinema here in Brazil. For many little hamlets it comes once a week